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HUSH MONEY,

A BURLETTA,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY GEORGE DANCE,

Author of "Petticoat Government,"—"Six to Four on the Colonel,"—"The
Station House," &c. &c.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A Description of the Costume,—Cast of the Characters,—the
whole of the Stage Business,

SITUATIONS,—ENTRANCES,—EXITS,—PROPERTIES AND
DIRECTIONS.

AS PERFORMED AT

THE LONDON THEATRES.

BY J. ROBINSON, 2, N. CALVERT-STREET.

BALTIMORE

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1835.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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Mr. Jasper Touchwood, (a sensitive Gentleman,) .. . Mr. LISTON.
 Snuggle, (a retired Tradesman,)..... Mr. F. MATTHEWS
 Charles White, (his Nephew,)..... Mr. J. WEBSTER.
 Stock, (a Chelsea Pensioner,)..... Mr. MASON.
 Snorem, (a Watchman,) Mr. DOWSING.
 Tom Tiller, (a Waterman,) Mr. KEELEY.
 Lydia, (Daughter to Snuggle,) Miss FITZWALTER.
 Mrs. Crab,..... Mrs. TAYLEURE.
 Sally, (a Laundress, Daughter to Stock,) Mrs. ORGER.

The Scene is laid at Lambeth.

First produced at the Olympic Theatre, Nov. 28, 1834.

Time of Representation—1 hour, 20 minutes.

C O S T U M E.

Touchwood—First dress, large blue camlet cloak, and outre travelling cap. Second dress, Full mourning, drab hat, large crape hatband.

Snuggle—Old gentleman's plain brown suit, white stockings, shoes.

Charles—Young Gentleman's fashionable coat, waistcoat and trousers.

Stock—Chelsea Pensioner's dress and hat, black stock, knee and shoe buckles.

Snorem—Watchman's grey coat, Welch night cap, large brimmed hat.

Tom Tiller—Thames waterman's suit, with glazed hat. Second dress, Plain old-fashioned grey livery coat, red waistcoat, green breeches.

Lydia—Young Lady's white dress

Sally—First dress, Plain coloured gown and an apron. Second dress, Pretty light coloured gown.

Mrs. Crab—Red gown and shawl, cap and bonnet.

TMP 92-009033

HUSH MONEY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The interior of Sally's dwelling.*—SALLY is discovered employed in ironing different articles of ladies' dress. STOCK is seated at the fire on the opposite side, with a tankard before him and a pipe in his mouth.

Stock. (R. H.) Well, Sally! after all's said and done, you are to do as you think fit.

Sally. (L.) In course I am, I know that as well as you can tell me.

Stock. Still you ought not to be too quick in what you do.

Sally. No more I am, for as sure as I takes anything in hand, I turn it over and over, and over, and look at it first this way, and then that way, and as I may say every way, before ever I can make up my mind what's best to be done with it, (*turning and folding her work as she speaks.*) but still, "strike while the iron's hot," is a good motto.

Stock. Ay, child, but "slow and sure's" a better.

Sally. So you think, father.

Stock. You only listen to me and you'll never burn your fingers.

Sally. (*Pettishly, and with violence taking hold of the iron, from which the handle has slipped, she burns herself*) Psha, nonsense, ahi! ahi! I've burnt'em now, however, that comes of your "slow and sure." (*running towards the side.*)

Stock. No, no, girl! that comes o'your striking while the "iron's hot."

[MRS. CRAB opens the window gently, and puts in her head.]

Sally. And a nice sour apple she is as any one need wish to have a bite at; why the very sound of her voice is always enough to set my teeth on edge.

Stock. Ah, very likely; but she'll get Tom away from you in spite of your teeth.

Sally. Will she? ah, well, you never mind about that, father, you leave me to take care of myself in that quarter. And now I don't want to turn you out, but hadn't you better, better be thinking of getting home again? you know the last time you were here the gates were shut, and you got into trouble.

Stock. Well light me another pipe, and I'll be-gone; but I wonder Tom a'nt here, for he promised to come before this, and put me across the river in his boat.

Sally. Indeed! (*aside*) but that won't do, I can't have him bothering here to night. (*aloud*) Oh father, I wouldn't stay for Tom if I was you; you know he's a terrible bad'un to keep an appointment.

Stock. Not always child, (*knocking at the door*) for here he is, I'm so glad! for I do of all things like to see a good natured face. (*Sally opens the door.*)

Enter MRS. CRAB.

Sally. (*seeing her*) Do you? then I hope as you are accommodated.

Mrs. C. If you mean me, ma'am, you needn't hope no such a thing. I don't happen to stand in need of accommodation, and if I did, you are about the last as I should demean myself by coming to for it.

Sally. Well father, I do agree with you that it does one all the good in the world only to have a look at that sweet face. (*aside*) Just like a monkey took suddenly ill.

Mrs. C. Sweet or not ma'am, my face is not going to make sauce for any body else's pudding head, so take that.

Stock. Come, Mrs. Crab, I don't mean to be rude, but perhaps you are going my road, if so I shall be

glad of the pleasure of your company; we live pretty nearly opposite one another, you know.

Mrs. C. No, Mr. Stock, I don't know no such thing. Because, as it happens, I have quitted the public line, and accepted a cook's place in a private capacity, in the house of one Mr. Snuggle, as lives not a great way from here—a vastly genteel family!

Sally. Particularly genteel! and it'll doubtless become much more so, now that it has the advantage of Mrs. Crab to give it a lift.

Mrs. C. You know the family ma'am.

Sally. Yes, I know the family ma'am; I have been a long time employed there, in the private capacity of laundress and clear starcher—may I venture to hope for Mrs. Crabs' patronage and support?

Mrs. C. That, ma'am, will depend entirely on how you deports yourself. In the mean time I beg to say that I did not come here to bandy words with such as you, but to look for Mr. Tiller.

Sally. Mr. Tiller?

Mrs. C. Yes ma'am, the same. Having occasion to speak to him on business, and not finding him at home, I took the liberty of dropping in here, seeing that I very well know as he spends a good deal, ay and I may say too much of his time here, more indeed than I, and his real friends, incline to think will ever turn out either to his credit or advantage.

Sally. So, ma'am, that's your opinion is it?

Mrs. C. Yes, ma'am, it is, and moreover it's one as I shall give Mr. Tiller himself the very first time I come across him, and before many hours are over your head I'll let you know something.

Sally. La, well, I shall be clever I reckon whenever Mrs. Crab lets me know anything—ha! ha!

Mrs. C. They laughs best as laughs longest, but take you care, Mrs. Sauce box, that your's don't end on the wrong side of your face. It might hurt your beauty.

Sally. How pleasant for you to be quite free from any fear on that score.

Mrs. C. It's like your imperence to say such a thing! but I've done with you; but before I go allow me to leave a message for Mr. Tiller; don't be alarmed, nor fly into a jealous fit. It's only to request that if he can by any means tear himself away from your society, he'll be good enough to wait on Mr. Charles White, at Mr. Snuggle's villa, to morrow morning, when he will find him and other friends ready to receive him, and to console him as much as possible for your absence, and for your precious self I should just wish before I take my departure, to add my strongest possible assurance that you have my despise!

(Exit, through door.)

Sally. Ditto, ditto, to the end of the chapter! *(calling after her,)* Oh wouldn't she be a pleasant lodger in a small house?

Stock. Sally, Sally! you are incorrigible; but good night girl! and I'll go and look after Tom myself. Good bye.

(Exit, through door.)

Sally. Good bye, father—well I'm glad they're gone, for it's getting on for the time of my appointment with Mr. Touchwood. But let's have one more look at his letter, that there may be no mistake, *(takes letter from her pocket and reads)* "returned to town"—"something very particular to say to you"—yes, I shouldn't wonder if I knew what—"Bishop's walk, from twelve to half-past." Droll of him to choose such a time and such a place, but there, he is so shy and frightened like, he never does anything like any body else. Any way it isn't for me to baulk him, least ways not 'till such time as I've tied him up with a hymeneal halter, then if Mrs. Crab, and Mr. Tiller behaves themselves, I won't say I won't make one my cook and the other my footman.

(Exit through door.)

HUSH MONEY.

SCENE II.—*Outside of Tom Tiller's house.*

Enter TOM TILLER, with a pair of Skulls on his shoulder, and singing.

In Chester town a man there dwelt,
Not rich as Cræsus, but a buck—
The pangs of love he clearly felt,
His name was Thomas Clutterbuck.
The lady he did most approve,
Of guineas gold had got 'em,
So Thomas he fell deep in love,
With Polly Higginbottom.
Oh, Thomas Clutterbuck, &c.

It's one of the strangest things in life to me as folks should find it in their hearts to laugh, when they hears that song. To my mind it's one of the most affectingest ditties as ever I heard—many and many's the time I've catched myself a whimpering and a snivelling over it, like a infant in arms, and when once that 'ere tune gets what I call a grip o'me, I could go on a singing and a singing it, 'till I get as mopy and melancholy as if the Thames was froze over! and for the matter of that, it might as well be, if I am to do no better than I'm doing now. Ever since this blessed morning I wish I may drown if I've earned bread and cheese. Oh you know it can't last—the folks all seem like so many cats, afraid of coming near the water; howsomever watermen are like other people, they must eat, and they will drink—they cannot live upon hair.

Enter STOCK, L. H.

Stock. To be sure they can't, Mr. Tom; you never spoke a truer word than that.

Tom. Hollo, old chap! it's rather late for you to be out of bounds.

Stock. Yes, I am none too early I know; but I thought on my way home I'd just look in upon you a moment to give you a message.

Tom. A message for me? what from my dear Sally?

Stock. Why no, not exactly, Mrs. Crab gave it to me.

Tom. Did she? then I tell you what, you just give it back again to her, and tell her it don't fit.

Stock. But don't you wish——

Tom. No, I don't, I tell you—I don't wish nothing where she is concerned.

Stock. And I tell you, you are too hasty—slow and sure, my boy, is best.

Tom. No, no, there an't no best nor worst neither, when Mother Crab has a hand in it, because it's all bad alike; and I've told her half a hundred times she is not the right fare for my boat. Besides, you know, an't I as good as spliced already to your Sally.

Stock. I wish you was.

Tom. Well, for that matter, so do I, but hullo! you look as glum all of a sudden as if you'd found a shilling and lost eighteen pence.—I say, old fellow! there an't a screw loose no where, is there?

Stock. No, no, I don't say that, but only let me tell you that Mrs. Crab——

Tom. Now I tell you it's no use your going on about Mother Crab, because I won't have her as a gift.

Stock. Very good, but you must have her message, for that comes from Mr. Charles White, who I understand is your friend.

Tom. Oh! if 'tis from Master Charley, as I call him, that's another guess kind of a thing—That's the best friend I ever had to my back—many's the good job he's helped me to ashore, when there's been nothing a doing on the river, and whenever I hear his name there's a sort of a kind of a dusty feeling like, comes all about my precious throat, and I don't feel I've ever properly got shoot of it, 'till I have had a glass of something or other and water to drink his health in; so now I say, old chap let's you

and I just step together across the way, to the Jolly Waterman, and over one glass—no more you know—not a drop more, you shall tell me what all this is about.

Stock. That's all very well for you, but I've got a long march yet before me, and so I can't do it.

Tom. Can't you! try, and I think you'll find you can; and as to your long march, why I'll shorten that a good mile or two, by putting you over in my boat; so no more about that, nor about Mother Crab, for her very name is enough to turn all the milk in the house sour; and as I've said to her more than once, when she's a doing her pickles, hang me if she wouldn't save her master a fortune in vinegar, if she was only to look once a day into the jar. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*Entrance to the Terrace in front of Lambeth Palace.—On one side, part of the building itself, on the other River, in the distance, lights on Westminster Bridge, the Speaker's House, &c., &c.—Moonlight.*

Enter TOUCHWOOD, R. H. wrapped in his cloak, he paces up and down without speaking, 'till the clock strikes the three quarters.

Touch. So, another quarter gone, and no Sally. Upon my life this is a vastly agreeable way of passing one's time between twelve and one in the morning; not that it's the least use my complaining, because if she chooses to keep me here 'till sunrise, stay I must—confound the wind! how it blows again. I tell you what, Mrs. Sally, when you do come, you shall find me as cold to you as the night is to me. Oh yes, I shall cut the matter very short; it was all very well, when I a had paltry two hundred pounds a year, to talk of marrying one in that line of life, but now that by a lucky windfall I have tumbled into four times that, the thing would be ridiculous.

No, no, my dear Lydia is now my object, and so the moment Mrs. Sally makes her appearance, I shall acquaint her with a few facts that will astonish her weak mind—poor creature, it's hard, I own it, but what can I do? I am sure if any body will tell me, I am quite ready to listen to reason.

Enter SALLY (R. H.) also muffled up.

Sally. Well, dang it! I'm glad to hear that, main glad, my dear Mr. Touchwood, because in that case its for certain you'll not refuse to listen to me, while I tell you how it comes to pass that I be so shocking late; but lawks! I am so delighted to see your nice old phiz again. (*putting her hands to his face.*)

Touch. Less freedom, Mrs. Sally, if you please! too much familiarity breeds contempt.

Sally. Why, how changed your manner is!

Touch. Really?

Sally. Yes, really. (*Touchwood expressing annoyance,*) But I know well enough what that cross look of your'n means, and I beg your pardon, for not per-nouncing my words, as you tells me to do, but I don't know how it is, somehow or other, it do seem as if the more I try, the more I don't succeed; and yet it is not for want of good will, neither, because, as I says to myself, Sally, says I, "when Mr. Touchwood demeans himself for to make you his lawful wife——"

Touch. (coughing) Ahem! how very cold it is!

Sally. Why yes, for certain, it's none of the warm-est, but as I was saying when once we are married—

Touch. (coughing more violently) Ahem! ahem! really this north-east wind cuts like a knife.

Sally. Ay, that it do, it cuts and comes again.

Touch. (aside) Elegant observation! (*aloud*) But, Mrs. Sally, it's getting very late, so let me without any further delay come to the subject matter on which I summoned you here to speak.

Sally. Well, what is it—out with it at once!

Touch. Be patient, and I will—out with it at once! you are aware that I have been absent from London for upwards of a month.

Sally. Ay, down at Margate, to have a dip in the sea, and by the same token you told me that by the next time you went there we should be Mr. and Mrs. Touchwood, and then ve'd go and have our dip together.

Touch. Together? really Mrs. Sally——

Sally. Well, there you go again, with your cross looks, and all because I said I should like to rollick and flounder about in the sea—and so I should, and I meant no harm.

Touch. I dare say not, but at the same time a little more care in your expressions, and you would not so often flounder in them.

Sally. Ha! hā! come that's good again—Lord, how I do like to look at that droll face of your's, when you say them things.

Touch. Indeed! upon my word I'm much obliged to you; but I don't happen to consider my face as at all droll.

Sally. Ah! but I do; droll enough to belong to the Funny Club; but you know you said——

Touch. (quickly) Whatever I may have said, or whatever prospects I may have held out to you, before my last quitting you, circumstances of considerable importance which have since occurred make it necessary that I should now tell you, you must consider those prospects at an end.—(aside) Ahem! that I think will give her some notion of what she has to expect.

Sally. (after a pause) What do you say?

Touch. I say what I mean.

Sally. And what do you mean?

Touch. Just what I say.

Sally. And more shame for you, when you say such an unfeeling speech! but you have given me your promise, and I'll keep you to it, or you shall pay for it.

Touch. Why as to paying, I have no precise memorandum of having on any occasion been guilty of giving any promise before a witness, and therefore——

Sally. And therefore you hold yourself free to act like a deceitful—do so, sir, but if you think that by so doing you can break my heart, you never were more mistook in your life, for as to being your wife I don't value it at that, (*snapping her fingers*) and as to crying and making myself miserable about you, I am much more likely to laugh in your face, ha! ha! ha! that's what I am and I'll do it again, ha! ha! for I think it nothing but a joke, a ca-pi-tal—o—oh! oh! oh! (*crying*)

Touch. (*aside*) If she cries I'm done for, (*approaching her*) nay Mrs. Sally!——

Sally. Stand off, I say, how dare you go for to touch me, after such ow-dacious goings on?

Touch. Sally, Mrs Sally, I say, this is really evincing a violence of manner that quite astonishes me.

Sally. I dare say it does, particularly in one as you thought it impossible to pervoke, but the worm will turn when its trod upon.

Touch. Trod on! Mrs. Sally, I protest I have no wish to tread on you.

Sally. Yes, you have, but like the worm I'll turn on you. There, I am not going to cry any more about such a—but you just mark my words, there's some fine madam at the bottom of all this I know there is, but leave me alone to find her out, and when you are married, dead or alive, I'll be as good as a ghost to her and you too. (*The clock strikes one.*)

Touch. Ha!

Tally. Yes, you may well say ha!

Touch. Mrs. Sally be so good as not to mention anything about death or ghosts, you know how nervous those subjects make me.

Sally. Oh nonsense about nervous, do you see that river?

Touch. What do you mean?

Sally. (aside) I'll try what frightening him a bit will do *(aloud)* I'm as likely as not to jump into that river, and be found a drowned corpse in the morning.

Touch. Mrs, Sally, for shame! does your conscience say nothing against this? do you hear no voice that terrifies you?

(TOM TILLER is heard singing.)

"Oh Polly Higginbottom!

Down she went unto the bottom."

Sally. I do indeed, and it's a voice that terrifies me out of my life.

Touch. Your life?

Sally. Ay, my life. *(aside)* It's Tom, and I wouldn't have him see me here for the world, so I must be quick, if he finds us together, he'll be jealous, and I shall lose both, and so listen you deceitful—listen to my last words!

Touch. (aside) Her last words? what can she mean? Sally, Mrs. Sally! I say, I'm in such a state my head is turning—my eyes are swimming.

Sally. Oh don't talk of swimming, for if once I makes a plunge it isn't that as'll save me.

(TOM TILLER's voice is heard nearer.)

"I sing the ghost, the watery ghost,
Of pretty Polly Higginbottom!"

Touch. (leaning against the railing) Oh!

Sally. (aside) He's here, and go I must. *(moving towards the opposite side to that on which Tom Tiller's voice is heard.—the Watchman cries past one o'clock.)* The watchman! I daren't let him see me—gad then there's no other way to escape, no matter if I do frighten him, serve him right, the water's only up to my knees, and I can creep along under the bank. *(going up to Touchwood)* Now, wretch! this is what you have driven me to, and now I'm gone for ever! *(runs to the railing, stoops under it,*

and jumps down, Touchwood runs to stop her, but is too late ; he falls upon the railing.)

Touch, Forbear, ah, gone for ever ! (at that moment enter Tom Tiller, who hears the last words.)

Tom. A man going to drown himself ! (*running and catching hold of him by the coat*) Not while I have strength to hold you.

Touch. Let me go, let me go !

Tom. Not I, indeed ; an't you ashamed of yourself to think to commit such a crime ?

Touch. Crime ?

Tom. Ay, crime ! don't you call drowning a crime ?

Touch. Of course, but as I live I didn't——

Tom. Psha, didn't I see you——

Touch. (aside) As sure as fate he thinks 'twas I who plung'd her in. (*aloud*) What can I say ? what can I do !

Tom. Nothing, you know you are guilty, and ought to be glad that I was here to arrest you.

Touch. (with great force) Arrest me ? I am a ruined man.

Tom. But ruination ten times over an't no excuse for such a deed as that ; for my part I'm as poor as Job.

Touch. (aside) Ha ? he may be bribed—poor, are you ?

Tom. Ah, that I am, sometimes what I call dreadfully pressed.

Touch. (aside) I wish to my soul you were now, and sent on board the Tender.

Tom. But no matter for being poor, I'm not one of those as thinks the human life of man, is to be sacrificed that there way.

Touch. Hush ! here, take this. (*gives him money.*)

Tom. Gold ? well if you'll promise me not to be trying again——

Touch. I'll promise anything.

Tom. There then, (*loosening him*) but mind, I've a sharp eye on you, (*Watchman's voice is heard.*)

"Past one o'clock.") Oh, there's the watchman—come I'm glad of that.

Touch. (*alarmed*) Glad, why?

Tom. Because he'll help me to look after you, till we get a coach

Touch. Do you wish me to be driven to distraction?

Tom. No, bless you, I only wish you to be driven to where you'll be taken proper care of.

Touch. Hear me, let the watchman pass quietly, and name your own reward.

Tom. Oho, what he's caught you at these rigs afore, has he?

Enter SNOREM.

Snore. Past one o'clock! (*seeing them*) Now, I say, good people, don't you know as it's rather late to be on the prowl here? Is there any thing amiss!

Touch. (*aside to Tiller*) Speak to him.

Tom. I will. How are you, watchee?

Snore. What's that you, Master Thomas? Oh, then it's all right

Tom. To be sure, so good night, Master Snorem.

Snore. Good night. past one o'clock?

Tom. (*to Touchwood*) There, you see it's all right, come along, I'll see you safe.

Touch. (*aside*) Safe! what a frightful sound that word has in his mouth!

Snore. Past one o'clock! [*Exeunt severally.*]

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Snuggle's House.*
D. in F.

Enter SNUGGLE, R. H. followed by LYDIA.

Snug. Now don't, my little darling, do not be for ever coming across me and my wishes, as was the custom with your late mother, of blessed memory.

2*

Lyd. You know you always say that I am to take my mother's place.

Snug. Yes, child, but it was not your mother's place to contradict me, although she so often did it.

Lyd. And yet you continually tell me to make her conduct my rule.

Snug. Perhaps I do, but there is no rule without an exception ; you know the one maxim of my life is, let us be cozy and comfortable. and you, I am sure, might be truly so. if you would only get into the way of yielding to my wishes.

Lyd. And of never consulting my own.

Snug. I don't say that, I don't say that, at all, on the contrary, consult your own, as you like, but follow mine. It's very hard, upon my life it is, that I am to be thwarted in an affair of such importance.

Lyd. But I should think I ought——

Snug. Psha, in business ought stands for nothing. Now, you listen to me ; Mr. Touchwood has my promise, and I must keep it.

Lyd. That is what I wish you to do. sir, but your promise was given to your nephew, Charles,

Snug. Aye, but that was before I knew Mr. Touchwood whose fortune makes him so desirable a match for you.

Lyd. And Charles, sir——

Snug. Oh, you do as I desire—and I'll take care of Charles ; you know he is a handsome young fellow, that is agreeable enough ; now if I could get him, as I don't know but I can, in our County Yeomanry, the dog can ride, can't he ?

Lyd. (eagerly) Oh, beautifully, sir !

Snug. Well, you know, some rich citizen's daughter may fall in love with him.

Lyd. Sir !

Snug. And then, if she should have a fond foolish old father, as you have, why they can be married, and live as cozy and comfortable as—as you and Mr. Touchwood.

Lyd. (sighing) I should think so, sir.

Snug. But come, I've a hundred things to do. Mr. Touchwood is to be here this morning, to pay you his first formal visit, as your suitor; and we must make some little extra exertion to entertain him. I suppose you have hired a man, as I desired, to come and help do what's wanting—what do you call him?

Lyd. Oh, that young man! His name, sir,—Tiller—Thomas Tiller—and I know he is a proper person, because he was recommended by my cousin Charles.

Snug. Thomas Tiller, I don't remember ever hearing that name before. Tiller? Tiller? pray what is he?

Lyd. (abstractedly) In the County Yeomanry.

Snug. Bless the girl, she is fast asleep; however I won't stay longer to disturb her dreams. I am too happy myself to do that to any one. Dear me, I don't know when I have felt so cozy and comfortable. *[Exit L. H.]*

Lyd. And so end all my hopes of being a happy wife. for as sure as I marry Mr. Touchwood, I feel beforehand I shall pass all my days in sighing, and all my nights in crying. *(knocking at the door)* who's there?

Sally. (without) if you please, are you here miss?

Lyd. Who is it that asks?

Sally. (opening the door) It's only I, miss Sally Stock!

Lyd. You Sally; what brought you here?

Sally. (entering) The things from the wash, or rather, I should say, I brought them, but it's all one you know, miss, and now that I am here, I have such a favour to ask of you, if you please.

Lyd. Well, what is it, Sally?

Sally. Why, it's this. You see, miss I know what fine doings be going on here, and to day there may be a little helping hand wanted, and as I'm rather

lonesome and melancholy like, on account of somewhat as happened last night, why I hope you'll give me leave for to stay, and I warrant I'll make myself useful, in a good many ways. Law bless ye, I am one of those as can turn their hands to anything, at a pinch, and you shall see if I don't work like a good an. (*aside*) I hope she won't say no, for now that I've lost my rich lover, I must look twice as sharp after my poor one.

Lyd. Oh, Sally! you may stay, and welcome.

Sally. Thank ye, miss, a thousand times; and I'll only just run home, and shut up my bit of a cabin, and put the key in my pocket, because, you know, miss, the less one has, the less one can afford to lose; but, lawk miss, what is it do make you look so cloudy? but, never mind, you only stop till your cousin comes, he'll soon set you to rights, I warrant him.

Lyd. My cousin!

Sally. Aye, your cousin that is, and your husband that is to be.

Lyd. Sally you are much mistaken, (*sighing*) I am not to marry my cousin.

Sally. Not to marry your cousin? here's a pretty commence, and for why, I should like to know.

Lyd. Because my father has changed his mind.

Sally. Changed his mind, indeed; but he han't a right to do no such thing. Why, lord, what an old—but I beg pardon, miss, to be sure it's a great freedom to talk so. But law bless me, only to think! well, I say nothing, but this I will say, 'its the burn- ingest shame.

Lyd. Hush, Sally! I am doomed to be the wife of Mr. Touchwood.

Sally. Mr. who, miss?

Lyd. Mr. Touchwood, do you know him?

Sally. Know him, miss! why, yes, miss, that is, no, miss, as I may say; I do know him, and don't know him, (*aside*) Oh dear! its come on me so sud-

den, that I declare it's made me feel all over in a twitter.

Lyd. Well, Sally, can you make up your mind whether you know Mr. Touchwood or not?

Sally. (*aside*) I see how it is, I must swear I don't. Oh, yes, miss! the fact is, I once knew a Mr. Touchwood, but I should hardly think it's the same.

Lyd. Oh, it may be; what sort of a person was he you knew?

Sally. (*aside*) Now for a fib. Ahem! (*aloud*) A little short fat gentleman.

Lyd. Short and fat?

Sally. Yes, miss, and with a swivel eye, with which he looks so. (*imitating.*)

Lyd. Oh dear, then, it's decidedly not the same, some cousin, most likely.

Sally. Yes, miss, I should think so. (*aside*) He cousined me I know. But here comes *your* cousin, miss.

Enter CHARLES, L. H.

Charles. Lydia, my own Lydia!

Sally. Your own Lydia! she an't no such a thing. She is somebody else's Lydia.

Charles. Somebody else's?

Lyd. Yes, Charles.

Charles. You are not serious.

Sally. If she is not she ought to be. She's going to be married, sir.

Charles. You married? and pray what is to become of me?

Lyd. Oh, you are to go into the Yeomanry.

Charles. The what?

Lyd. The County Yeomanry.

Charles. And what the devil am I to do there?

Sally. Why, of course, you are to strut and prance about on your fine horse, till such times as you catch the eye of some rich heiress.

Charles. And what then?

Sally. Oh, then you are to marry her, and, like the folks in the story books, you are to live happy ever afterwards.

Lyd. Yes, sir, as happy as—as—I and my husband.

Charles. Do you mean to say, then, that you shall be happy.

Sally. She looks as if she would, don't she. Why, law, how can you ask such a question?

Lyd. Oh, I don't know, nor I don't care, whether I am happy or not, for since you, Mr. Charles, can take it so very coolly, and never offer to do the least thing——

Charles. Cruel fortune! what can I do?

Sally. (aside) I can't hold my tongue any longer. What can you do? why, not stand twiddling your thumbs for an hour, but, if you are her sweetheart, do prove it, by acting as such.

Charles. (running to Lydia) That I will, in a moment.

Sally. (stopping him) Oh, that's all very well, so far as she is concerned, but it's no proof to others, at least none that'll do one morsel of good. Oh, if I was a man, wouldn't I do something? that I would. I'd stamp, and storm, and swear, and I'd go to my sweetheart, and I'd say, "You false, perfidious wretch, you! you go for to talk of marrying another? what do you mean? you can't do it."—Then to her father I'd say,—“You horrid old brute, would you break your word? you shan't do it.”—And to the fellow that was going to marry her, I'd say,—“You take her away from me? you dare not do it, sir! No, sir, you daren't! Damme, Sir!”

Lyd. Sally!

Sally. Mind, I only say that's what I'd say, if I was a man, of course, as it is, I wouldn't let such a word escape my lips for ever so much.

Lyd. Or if you did, you see, it would have no effect.

Charles. Yes, it would, cousin, because it has already had the effect of rousing me, and you shall

soon see that, although the measures I take may be less violent, they shall be no less efficacious.

Sally. That's your sort! now you talk as you ought. You only stick to that, and you'll do.

Snug. (*Without* L. H.) Lydia! Lydia! where are you?

Charles Here comes your father.

Sally. Then I'd better make myself scarce, but, before I go, mind once more, if you flinch, you're done for; so pluck up a spirit, and give it him as he deserves. [*Exit Sally, D. in F.*]

Charles. Fear me not.

Enter SNUGGLE, L. H.

Snug. Now, Lydia, my love, call up your best looks, and your most winning smile; Mr. Touchwood is arrived. (*seeing Charles*) So, Mr. Charles, you have been talking with your cousin, have you! A word in your ear, if you please: what have you been saying to her? Hold your tongue, sir, I won't be answered; but mind this, whatever it was, it's my positive order that you never say it again.

Charles. Sir, I—

Snug. Not a word, sir, I tell you I won't hear it, and that's enough. (*seeing Touchwood.*) Aha, my dear Mr. Touchwood! delighted to see you!

Enter MR. TOUCHWOOD, L. H. *dressed in Black, and looking pale.*

And so is my daughter, here, though she don't say so.

Touch. I thank you, and I thank you, too, miss, (*sighing*) you are very good, both of you.

Snug. Not at all, not at all; but, hey dey! my good friend! has any thing happened?

Touch. Happened?

Snug. Aye, to make you look so queer, for, by Jove, I can't say you appear to me to be at all what I call cozy and comfortable—may be you an't well?

Touch. Oh, yes, I am—that is, I am not—I am not quite well.

Snug. Ah, the fatigue of your late journey, I dare say.

Touch. Perhaps so.

Snug. Though, now I remember, it couldn't be called a journey, either, for I think you said you came by the river.

Touch. (*Startling.*) The river! (*recovering himself*) True, yes, I believe I did.

Snug. Charming voyage that, by the steamer, up from Margate, so safe too, no danger of any one being drown'd.

Touch. (*more agitated.*) Drown'd! who says any one was drown'd?

Snug. Bless my soul, why, nobody; but, if they, had, why should that agitate you? they wouldn't, I suppose, say that you pushed them in.

Touch. (*in great agitation*) I push them in? what do you mean, sir, by such a supposition?

Snug. Mr. Touchwood, you alarm me, what can ail you? I am sure I said nothing—

Touch. (*recovering*) No, no, of course you have not, I know that very well, but the fact is, my nerves are just now very much shaken, and a dreadful occurrence, only last night——that I heard of——

Snug. Last night!

Touch. No, not last, a week ago, or a fortnight, it might be. You hav'n't heard any thing that happened last night, have you? that is nothing particular?

Snug. Not I indeed. (*to Lydia.*) Lyddy, my love, have you?

Lyd. No, sir, nothing that I remember.

Snug. Let me see; there was a crowd passed the door this morning.

Charles. Oh, that was only a man they were taking to the police office—a waterman.

Touch. A what?

Charles. A waterman, charged with extorting from a gentleman.

Touch. (*much moved*) Money, sir?

Charles. Yes, to the amount of treble his fare.

Touch. Oh, was that all?

Snug. And quite enough too, I should think.

Touch. (*recollecting himself*) Enough, eh? to be sure, and too much, I should say; but the truth is, they are a depraved set, those Thames watermen, I never knew an honest one yet.

Charles. Indeed, sir, then you must have been peculiarly unlucky in your acquaintance with them.

Touch. (*aside*) I have, indeed.

Snug. Aye, aye, that's all very likely, but come, you don't look the thing, at all. Suppose now, as we dine rather late, you were to have a little something by way of a snack.

Touch. Just as you please, sir, just as you please.

Snug. Come, that's right; now Lyddy, my love, see that the tray is brought in directly, and then get ready, there's a good girl, to go out a little way with me.

Lyd. Yes, sir, (*aside*) and thank you too for the deliverance. [*Exit.*

(*Touchwood draws a chair and sits down.*)

Snug. And do you, Charles, go to my lawyer, Mr. Clipper, and beg him to step here, in about an hour.

Charles. Will you not allow me first to have a little conversation with you?

Snug. Yes, that is upon any subject, but one.

Charles. And upon what?

Snug. I won't hear a word, so away with you: (*putting him out*) that's the way to dispose of you.

Exit Charles, L. H.

Enter TILLER, R. D. F. with an old livery put over his plush breeches, and carrying a tray.

Snug. Oho, this I suppose is Mr.—

Tom. Thomas, sir, at your service.

Snug. Aye, aye, well, Thomas, put it down there, and now, my friend, (*to Touchwood*) you'll take a glass of wine to begin with.

Touch. (*startled*) Me—sir—yes—just as you please.

Snug. Aye, to be sure! there, young man, pour you out a glass of wine, and hand it to this gentleman.

Tom. Yes, sir, that I will.

Snug. (*to Touchwood*) And, by and by, we'll all meet together at dinner time, and be as cosy and comfortable——

Exit R. H.

Touch. Comfortable, indeed! much chance I have of that. It is positively as if every single thing occurred in order to increase my fears and perplexities. This morning, on venturing near Sally's dwelling, just to ascertain how things were, what was my horror to see the house shut up, as though death were in it, and before I had recovered that shock, who should I see glaring upon me, from the opposite side of the way, but my evil genius of last night. I thought I should have sunk into the pavement. However, I verily believe I made but three steps of it, from there here—and now I do hope and trust we have parted for ever. (*Tom, who has slowly and awkwardly poured out the wine, puts it at length on the tray, and brings it forward in a timid way. At this time, he has just extended it before Touchwood, whom, however, he does not see, and who does not see him.*) Oh, the wine! (*takes it*) Well, here's that we may never meet again! (*drinks*) Gad, the very sentiment gives it a relish,—there! (*Holds out the glass, to put it down, and, as he turns his head, Tom puts his forward, and their eyes meet. Touchwood drops the glass, and they look at each other for some time:—the one in affrighted astonishment, the other with a sort of vacant good nature; at length Tom nods to him.*)

Touch. Speak, what means that nod?

Tom. It means—how are you by this time?

Touch. Any thing else?

Tom. Yes, I hope as you're pretty well?

Touch. Psha!

Tom. Pray, may I enquire, in my turn, what's the meaning of psha?

Touch. Begone! I am in no state to be trifled with.

Tom. And who said you were?

Touch. Fellow, my friend, I would say, you see before you a man robbed——

Tom. (*quickly*) Not by me.

Touch. No, by Fate.

Tom. Ah, I know nothing about him, I only know that what you gave me was of your own free will, and that I'll be on my oath of——

Touch. It is not of money that I speak, it is of my natural rest that I am deprived. My sleep, my precious sleep, I have not had a wink.

Tom. Yes you have, for I tipped you one this blessed morning. Don't you remember, there, at the corner of what is it street? I did so to you, (*winking*) you made believe not to see me, but, Lord love you, I'm rather too knowing a one to be done that way—though you did somehow or other contrive to give me the slip last night. However, as to your being for the future on speaking terms, it's just as you like about that, you know, I don't want to say nothing, but still, after what I saw last night——

Touch. Hush, my good friend! don't speak of that here.

Tom. And why not! I've nothing to be afraid of.

Touch. No, but with regard to me——

Tom. Oh, with regard to you, that's a very different affair.

Touch. Yes, yes, but still be assured that, in what you thought you saw, you were deceived——

Tom. Was I. Now I say you are much more deceived if you think to gammon me that way. What I saw, I saw, and to that I'll bear witness

Touch. No, no! Hush! (*aside*) Bear witness!—those words give me a death chill. (*aloud*) You know not how you distress me.

Tom. But I don't want to distress you, what should I get by that?

Touch. (*eagerly*) Nothing, certainly; while by an opposite course, you may gain your utmost wishes, (*in a low voice*) you have already had money of me.

Tom. Well, I don't deny about that.

Touch. Listen; will an allowance of ten pounds a year make you comfortable?

Tom. Why, yes, I should say it would go a good way towards it, certainly, but with regard to last night——

Touch. Hush! not a word of that! and see here, here is the amount of the first year. (*gives money.*)

Tom. You don't mean it? Ten pounds a year, besides what you have already given me! I tell you what, the next time you have a fancy for walking by the river at night——

Touch. Silence, I entreat you,

Tom. Oh, I'm not going to blab, only if those wicked notions should get hold of you again——

Touch. Never, never!

Tom. Ah, that's all stuff, because, when one once can bring one's self to do such a thing, there is no reason as I see why one shouldn't take the fit to do it half-a-score times——

Touch. (*aside*) Confound the fellow! does he think I push people into the river by the dozen! (*aloud*) My friend, it never did, and never can occur again. Oh dear! oh dear!

Tom. Well, well, enough said, and now, as you do look what I call rather done for, suppose you were to take another glass of wine, and a morsel of somewhat to eat.

Touch. No, no! I am in no state to eat.

Tom. An't you, well, then, there's a precious wide difference between you and me, for I never had such a jolly good appetite. Gad I could eat the hind leg of a donkey, and I've a famous mind to—(*approaching the table.*)

Touch. To what? you wouldn't think of touching any thing on that table.

Tom. Oh, well, just as you please. I know what to do. (*going.*)

Touch. (*aside*) Now he's offended again. I darn't do it.—Stay a moment, my good friend! you may take any thing you like.

Tom. No, may I though? well, come, that is monstrous kind. (*aside*) I declare I'm half abashed, but I musn't affront such a very good friend as he seems inclined to be to me, and so here goes. (*Sits down to the table and eats.*) But, I say, why won't you pick a bit along wi' me? you may as well.

Touch. I tell you, friend, it cannot be. (*aside*) I must let him do as he will, but I trust no one will come in and see him.

Tom. Well, I'm sorry as you won't, for I do really believe, when all's said and done, that you are a good natured chap enough

Touch. Thank you!

Tom. And, if you come to that, so am I; or else, I say, old fellow! where would you be now?

Touch. Hush, no more of that! take a glass of wine.

Tom. With the greatest of pleasures! (*pours out*) you won't hob and nob? never mind, here's towards your good health! (*drinks*) Well, if this an't the best day's journey work I've done a long time, why, jigger my jumps! that's all.

Touch. Confound his vulgarity! Not yet done, and some one is coming.

Enter SNUGGLE, L. H.

Tom. (*Not seeing him*) Why, I say! (*holding up a large piece of meat*) what do they call this here? (*seeing Snuggle*) Ahem! (*endeavours to hide it.*)

Snug. Well, I hope that gentleman finds himself cosy and comfortable.

Tom. My eye, here'll be a shindey!

Snug. Mr. Touchwood! (*Touchwood turns away.*) And you sir, (*to Tom.*) how dare you take such a liberty?

Tom. I took no liberty, I took nothing but one or two slices of ham, and Mr. What-dye-call em, there, told me to do it, and let him deny it if he likes.

Touch. (*aside*) Not for the world.

Snug. Pray, sir, do you usually allow people of this sort to sit down and eat in your presence.

Touch. Sir, the fact is—I say, sir, the fact is—I dare say all this appears very strange to you.

Snug. It does, indeed, sir.

Touch. Well, sir, I don't dispute that point with you, but, as I was saying, the fact is—sir—that there are reasons——

Tom. Yes sir, that's it, there are reasons, sir, and Mr. Thingummy knows there are.

Touch. (*roughly*) Silence!

Tom. Hey?

Touch. (*very softly*) I merely say—allow me to explain the matter.

Tom. Oh!

Snug. Come, come, sir, we had better leave the thing to explain itself, I believe.

Tom. Yes, may be, that will the best after all.

Touch. Thus much only allow me to say, that in consequence of something, to which I will not now more particularly allude——

Tom. No, no, (*significantly*) better not, you know.

Touch. I ain't going. I repeat that, owing to what I call a very great service, rendered to me by this person, I feel myself called upon to allow him——

Tom. Ten pounds a year, bless you! I'm not ashamed to own it

Snug. Well, sir, I have no wish to pry into this or any other private affair of your's, and if your friend will only—now that he has done—just clear away his own table, why, there's an end to the matter.

Tom. Oh, to be sure, I'll toddle off with it, and that in less than no time. (*aside to Touchwood.*) Don't you fret yourself—It's all right. [*Exit 2 E. R. H.*]

Snug. And now, perhaps, you'll have no objection to a walk about the grounds of my *Rus in Urbe*, as I call it, with me and my daughter.

Touch. Sir, you may take me where you will. (*aside*) If I can only, by that means, escape the persecution of my evil genius.

Snug. Come, follow me then, and I'll take you first round by the river. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Touch. The river again? If I were up to my neck in it, I couldn't be much worse off than I am. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Garden of SNUGGLE'S House, with part of the building at the side. At the back, the River, &c. The sun is just setting, and, during the scene, the stage becomes gradually darker.*

Enter, from the house, SALLY followed by TOM TILLER.

Tom. Ha, ha! well to be sure, only to think of our meeting here in this way, and unbeknown to each other.

Sally. (*aside*) Why, not quite, but no matter for that now—but just tell me how you came so very intimate with Mr. Charles?

Tom. Oh, bless you, I'm by no manner of means what you calls regularly intimate, I'm only a little familiar or so with him, on account of his having known me a long time, as a boddy may call it professionally; but, law bless me, they say there's a tide in the affairs of men, and I'm sure there is in the affairs of watermen, and one that has been running down a long time; for, what with bridges, and omnibuses, and steam-boats, why what is there left for an honest pair of skulls to do? Nobody ever calls a boat in these days, except it may be now and then a

gentleman as wants to drown himself, and few of them has the gentility to pay their fare beforehand, so that you see, Sally, we're obligated for to do many things as we warn't larned to do in our apprenticeship, and like amphiberous animals, to get our living on land, as well as water.

Sally. Well, that's all satisfactory, as far as you're concerned, and now let you and I see if we can't do something to help my friend, Miss Lydia, and your friend, Mr. Charles, out of their present quandary, (*aside*) and to pay off Mr. Touchwood the grudge I owe him, for serving me as he has done; (*aloud*) there they go, the nice young creatures, looking as innocent as two lambs, going to be sacrificed at the halter of ambition.

Tom. Well, I say, Mrs. Sally, you're a going it with your hard words, however, I'm sure I, for one, can't think—(*reflecting.*)

Sally. No, Thomas, you seldom can, but stay! (*laying her hand smartly on the top of Tom's head*) I think I've hit on something.

Tom. Gad you have, you have hit me on my head, and devilish hard too.

Sally. I may do, but we must, above all, take care that we are not seen together, and if any thing strikes you——

Tom. But I hope nothing will; I have had enough for one while, though for fear I shouldn't, here comes that plague of my life, Mother Crab.

Sally. So she does—yes, there she is, I do declare, a come to look after you, Tom, swelling like a turkey cock.

Enter MRS. CRAB.

Mrs. C. Well, upon my word! I thought, ma'am, as you was here to lend a helping hand.

Sally. So I am, and so perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me which hand it's to be?

Tom. Ha! ha! there she has you, I think.

Mrs. C. I don't descend to answer such low breeding, but, as for you, Mr. Thomas, I've been waiting you for some time—

Sally. Yes, ma'am, he knows you have, and I know it too, and we also both of us know as you're any thing but likely to get him.

Tom. Ha! ha! and there she certainly has you again.

Mrs. C. She have me?

Sally. Yes, you wanted one of us to have you, may be it don't signify which. (*Tom and Sally laugh.*)

Mrs. C. Ignorant being! I wonder, Mr. Thomas, how a person of your sense could ever take up with such as she?

Tom. Now, Mrs. Crab, I don't want to be no way rude to you, because I an't going to deny that you have been all day long a putting, or a pouring, something, or other precious nice down my throat, but still you know, as a man of honour, and I may say, a gentleman, I can't stand by, and hear her abused as is about to become my lawful spouse.

Mrs. C. But she's not about to become no such a thing, for, if I can't have my own way, I think I know how to spoil her sport, and that's some comfort.

Sally. But don't, pray don't, my dear Mrs. Crab, because, when our wedding takes place, we'll not forget to ask you, and we'll all sit down and be happy.

Mrs. C. Indeed! *we'll* do great things, seemingly, but take care as I don't put a spoke in your *wheel*.

Tom. Don't you wish you may be able?

Mrs. C. Yes, and what's more, since you provoke me, you shall find that I am able. (*Tom and Sally laugh.*) Very fine ma'am, you're quite in the right to laugh while you can, but when Mr. Thomas throws you off, as he most certainly will, you'll find it no such laughing matter, because you can't go back again to your former admirer, Mr. Touchwood, as you have been so long carrying on your game with in secret, because he has now done with all such

trumpery as you ; (Tom, *who has gone on laughing, at the beginning of this speech, changes, by degrees, into a melancholy tone.*) and now you may grin at that ; but mind you one thing, Mr. Tiller, don't you go for to presume to put your ugly face into my kitchen again, for, as sure as ever you do, I'll give you a crack of the head with my rolling pin, as shall make you think all London is illuminated. (*Exit.*

Tom. Sally !

Sally. Thomas !

Tom. Mrs. Sally, I say.

Sally. And, Mr. Thomas, I say.

Tom. Come, ma'am, this won't do, you may give yourself what airs you please, there's a something or another behind all, which behoves me to have cleared up, and I think it's time that I plucked up a spirit, and speak out to you.

Sally. And now you have spoken out, what do you mean to do next ?

Touch. (*without*) Lydia, Miss Lydia, I say !

Tom. There, ma'am, is your answer.

Sally. What do you mean ?

Tom. I mean that I've a word or two to say to Mr. Touchwood in private, so you get out of the way.

Sally. In private ? but supposing—

Tom. Supposing you do for once as you're desired.

Sally. Well, I'm gone ; (*aside*) but I'll not go far though. (*Exit.*

Tom. I don't quite understand the rights of this affair between Mrs. Sally and him, and so I'll just have it out with the gentleman at once

[*Stands aside.*

Enter, from the house, TOUCHWOOD, somewhat elated by wine.

Touch. Miss Lydia, charming Miss Lydia ! not here neither. I reckon it particularly unkind in her now to take herself off in that unceremonious way,

just as I had, somehow or other, got the courage to speak up to her like a man, however, there's one thing I'm determined on for the future, I'll speak to her and to every body else like a man, and not suffer myself to be threatened and bullied as I have been, especially by that imp of destruction, that dwarf, that pigmy, that hop-o'-my-thumb,—(Tom, who has gradually come forward, stands before him) (aside) Oh lord! talk of the—(smiling) How d'ye do, Mr. Tiller?

Tom. Pretty well, I thank you, Mr. Touchwood.

Touch. I was just thinking of you, and, therefore, I consider—I say, Mr. T—I consider your coming as a particularly lucky accident.

Tom. Do you? but, you see, my coming here don't happen to be on account at all.

Touch. Indeed, then all one can say upon that is, that it's the more particularly kind in you.

Tom. I'm glad you think so, and now, if you'll just give me a bit of your attention, I shall take it as particularly kind of you.

Touch. (aside) I don't like his manner: what can he mean? (aloud) Certainly, Mr. T.—I say, most certainly.

Tom. Very good, then, in the first place, there is a young person in this house, a young female I'll say, that you, it seems, have been some time trying to be on good terms with.

Touch. To whom do you allude, Mr. T.?

Tom. Oh, come, you know well enough, there's no vast occasion to name names, but this much I'll say, it begins with a crooked letter.

Touch. A crooked letter?

Tom. Ay, an S Now are you awake?

Touch. (aside) S. why he means Miss Snuggle. There is no other. (aside) Yes, Mr. T.—I am awake, and, although I certainly have my views in that quarter, yet I don't see how that can concern you.

Tom. Don't you? (*aside*) Then he don't know of Sally and I keeping company—come, that's something. (*aloud*) Why, I don't know that it argyifies much about what *you* see, because I see, and I say, that I don't choose you to have any thing more to say to her.

Touch. Well, I like the notion of that, I must say. You don't choose it?

Tom. No, I don't, and that because I have taken a fancy to her myself.

Touch. You! upon my word, you are a very pleasant sort of person; it's only a pity that there is so little of you.

Tom. Come, I say!

Touch. Oh, well, if it offends you, I won't say another word, only the idea you know of one so much above you.

Tom. Above me! suppose she is, all that she's got to do is to stoop down. I should think that's rather more our business than your's.

Touch. Well, but will she condescend to have you, because you have taken a fancy to her?

Tom. She will, because she's taken ditto to me, if you doubt it. ask her, that's all.

Touch. (*aside*) Well, I never—Lydia take a fancy, as he calls it, to him? it can't be, and yet I must say she has been particularly cool to me; and, down at Margate, more than once talked about her affections being engaged. Oh, these women! they do take such vagaries into their heads! (*aloud*) And her father——

Tom. What, her old dad! he and I shook hands upon it a long while ago.

Touch. Poo! Poo!

Enter SALLY.

Tom. (*advancing to him*) What do you mean by "Poo! Poo!" I tell you what, just from this individual moment give up all thought of the person in

question, or I'll ring such a peal in your ears as shall make you think the very dead are come to life.

Touch. The dead! (*at that moment his eyes rest on Sally, who, drest in white, appears beckoning to try to entice away Tom, without being seen.*) Ah, help! murder! ghosts! (*sinks on a bank.*)

Sally. (*coming forward, and taking hold of Tom.*) Come this way, do!

Tom. Hullo! I say, don't you—what are you at?

Sally. Come along, and don't be a fool, I tell you!
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter, from the house, SNUGGLE.

Snug. What is all this noise! Ah, Mr. Touchwood! (*shaking him*) Hullo, friend Touchwood.

Touch. Leave me, leave me!

Snug. Leave you? not I, what's the matter?

Touch. (*recovering*) Is she gone?

Snug. She! who? (*aside*) Oh, he means my daughter. (*aloud*) She is for the moment, but she is coming again

Touch. Coming again, is she? then let me go.

Snug. And why, pray?

Touch. Because—yet as you say—why should I? the whole world in league together can't make that true which is in itself false!

Snug. I don't see who is to deny that.

Touch. Very well then, after all, what have I to fear? supposing a dozen rascally waterman should swear it——

Snug. (*impatiently*) Swear it? swear what?

Touch. Why, that I pushed her into the river.

Snug. The river? where, when?

Touch. Why, last night.

Snug. Oh!

Touch. When she knows, perfectly well, that she jumped in of her own accord—and, therefore, I am determined to give myself no more concern about it, I will not be put upon in this way, by every fool, and

from this very moment I shall make myself as happy and as independent as a gentleman of eight hundred a year ought to be, and so they shall find.

Snug. (aside) Oh, I begin to suspect, (*looking at him*) yes, it's clear he has taken too much wine, while I was asleep, I'd better get him quietly to bed (*aloud*) My friend, I should be sorry that my daughter saw you just now, it might injure you in her opinion.

Touch. Sir, the opinion of your daughter, and your daughter herself, are alike objects of the most perfect indifference to me.

Snug. (aside) Oh he's very tipsy indeed. (*aloud*) Come, come!

Touch. I will not come come, and what's more, sir, I will not marry any young woman who has already cast her affections upon another.

Snug. (laughing) Oh, is that all?

Touch. What, you do know of that little affair then?

Snug. (aside) He has discovered her attachment to her cousin, and that has given him this annoyance. (*aloud.*) Yes, yes, I know all about it, but I'll now put an end to it.

Touch. I beg you'll do no such thing, on my account, for I, sir, have done with her, and you too, and now you may marry her, sir, as soon as you like, to her jolly young waterman, ha! ha!

Snug. I tell you what, sir, I can put up with a good deal, but don't you carry this joke too far—don't, I say, put me into a passion—this is not at all what I call cosy and comfortable; zounds! and fury—I'm getting into such a rage, I don't know that I shall ever be cool again.

Touch. Oh, if you want to get cool, the best thing in the world is to take a little turn on the river—there's your son-in law, you know, the very person to do that for you, it's all in his line. (*Imitating the waterman*) "Boat, your honour? oars? skulls? capital tide up!" Ha! Ha!

Snug. (aside) Why, he's as drunk as he can be. (*aloud*) Here, Charles, Nephew, Thomas,—I say, I'll have you carried off to bed at once.

Touch. Not you, indeed, old Wigsby. [*He runs towards the side, Snuggle pursuing him—just as he is going off, Enter CHARLES and LYDIA, meeting him*] Contound it, is there no escape?

Charles (to Snuggle.) Now, sir.

Snug. Charles, do you wish to be my son-in-law?—don't answer me, but knock that impudent rascal down, and you shall marry Lyddy to-morrow.

Charles. Say not another word, sir. [*running towards Touchwood. Touchwood running away, tries to escape by the back.*]

Enter TOM TILLER, L. H.

Tom. What's the row?

Touch. He here!—but I don't care; I'll be neither bullied nor robbed any more, and with regard to last night, I neither did, nor meant to do harm to any mortal being, and that I'll swear, as I'm alive.

Enter SALLY, L. H.

Sally Do, and as I'm alive, I'll confirm it.

Touch. Sally—and living! Oh, here has been a pretty conspiracy, and you, sir, (to Tiller) are at the bottom of it.

Tom. I say, my fine fellow, if you happen to have more teeth in your head than you know what to do with, you'd just better say that again.

Touch. Oh, don't think to frighten me—now she's there, it won't do, you know.

Sally. (interposing) Pray don't let there be no violence on either side. There has been a great deal of mistake here, and poor Mr. Touchwood has been the chief sufferer.

Touch. I have, indeed; and I thank you particularly for your share of what I've had.

Tom. Come, I say, Mr. Thingummy!

Sally. Now, Thomas, keep you quiet.

Touch. No, no, pray let him talk; but I'll promise him he gets no more Hush Money out of me.

All. (with loud voices) Hush Money?



Touch. Yes, Hush Money it was intended for, but it don't seem to have had the effect with any of you.

Snug. I tell you what—there certainly has, as Sally says, been some mistake.

Sally. There has, and one which she alone can thoroughly explain, and she will do so later, if you'll now only take her word for the fact, and be friends, one and all, as you ought to be—what say you, young folks?

Charles and Lyd. Agreed!

Sally. (*to Snuggle*) And you, sir?

Snug. I say, let's be cosy and comfortable.

Sally. (*to Tom*) And you?

Tom. I agree with my wife—as is to be—as every other gentleman does—(*aside*)—'till she is my wife.

Sally. (*to Touchwood*) And you?

Touch. Anything for a quiet life.

Sally. Then are all agreed.

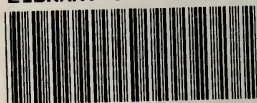
Touch. Except those whose voice is of more importance than all the rest. (*to the Audience*) I have been, for the last hour, labouring under a very serious imputation, and it seems expected by some that my conduct should be thoroughly explained Ladies and Gentlemen! I say once for all, I won't do it—I will not, positively. Drown a woman, indeed!—a likely story. The object of my life is to drown your cares, and should I effect that by drowning woman—woman, the destroyer of care? No, no, you have been witnesses—partial ones, I hope—to what I have really done, and therefore let me only obtain your approval of it, and under that sanction, Ladies and Gentlemen, I don't care what they say; I'll do the very same thing again to-morrow.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS

AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Snuggle. Tiller. Sally. Touchwood. Lydia. Charles.

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